

Sea Legs

Frank Turner

Moving, keep moving, the tour never stops.
In the light of petrol stations and cheap corner shops
I have finally figured a list of the things that I've got,
And the things that I'm not.
I need you, I need you, I need you to care,
When I'm moving it's soothing to know that you're there,
And that when I get home I can breathe you like heady fresh air
,
For as long as I dare.

Honey I'm sorry, but I've got my sea legs again.
If I stand on dry land for a minute, I feel sick and then
I have to start moving again.

From Glasgow to Moscow, from London to Lille,
Sat on the platform or next to the wheel,
I haven't got space on this postcard to say how I feel,
But that was the deal.
I miss you, I miss you, but I don't ask your help.
When I'm out on the road I look out for myself;
I look after my guitar, my clothes and my wallet, my health,
And nothing else.

You're on my phone again, well,
What do you want me to say,
When I'm this far away?
And you don't know where I am, well,
You're not the only one.
I am lost and I'm gone away
(Oh Darling Thou Pluckest Me Out)
And I don't even know where you are
(Oh Darling Thou Pluckest Me Out)
And I don't even know who you are anymore.